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AND

Ladies' Weekly Museum.

BY SOLOMON SLENDER, ESQ.

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BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

HENRY FUSELI, ESQ. R. A.

Non ita Naturæ astanti sis cuique revinctus,
Hanc præter nihil ut Genio, studioque relinquas.

To the reader, who is about to peruse the history of studious men, the cultivators of arts or science, it has been sometimes thought requisite to offer a prefatory apology, by lamenting the deficiency of incident necessarily attendant on their pursuits. But is not this complaint addressed rather to one who contracts his standard of intellectual amusement to the wonders of a novel or a romance, than to the philosopher, whose extensive contemplation ranges with equal ardour over all the varied pages which fill the great volume of nature? To the former, a long fluctuating chain of accidents, surprises, and changes, is requisite to continue a slight degree of emotion in his mind: the latter finds, in a few short and simple records of mental progress, a higher gratification than the revolutions of fortune can supply. To him it will appear no less an object of importance than of curiosity, to trace the methods which have conducted, or the contingencies which have combined, to the attainment of eminence; and to such an one no narrative perhaps could furnish more ample scope of instructive reflection, than the complete memoirs of the artist, who is the subject of this essay. It will be found, from the perusal of this short sketch, that it is not the mere impulse of unassisted genius, which gives birth to works of classick celebrity, but that they are produced by the slowly-maturing culture of the mind; by enriching the memory with the various treasures of history; by exploring the sources of learning; by exciting the imagination, and strengthening the taste, in arduous and experimental researches of the charms of poetry, the graces of art, and the imagery of fancy.

——Sic mens, habilisque facultas
Indolis excolitur, Geniumque Scientia complet.

Henry Fuseli is a native of Zurich.... The eary years of his life, when the mind first becomes capable of receiving the rudiments of knowledge, were not passed under the amalgamating tuition of a publick school; but as his father enjoyed the particular friendship of Mr Bodmer, professor of National History, at Zurich, he had the advantage of receiving the elementary lessons of classical literature from that excellent scholar. From Zurich he was sent by his father to Berlin, where he became a disciple of Professor Sulzer, likewise a person of eminent learning, under whose instruction he completed his studies.

As he discovered early marks of a ready and apprehensive genius, he was selected by Sulzer as a person highly qualified for the prosecution of a design, which he had formed, in conjunction with Bodmer and other literary characters of Switzerland, of opening a channel of communication between the literature of that country and England. Sulzer was acquainted with Sir Andrew Mitchell, then ambassadour from the English court to that of Prussia, and, accordingly, availing himself of the friendly disposition of that gentleman, requested his permission that Mr Fuseli might accompany him on his ensuing return to England.

With this request sir Andrew very liberally complied, and the young scholar came to London, accomplished for the display of talents of various kinds. He had not only made himself master of the language of this country, as well as of the learning of many

languages, but he had likewise cultivated another strong propensity of his mind, in so considerable a degree that he was become one of the most able draughtsmen in Switzerland. His drawings were distinguished by the most vigorous traits of fancy and expression, and he had, from the sight of engravings only, imbibed so much of the correct taste of the Italian school, that when he had the first gratification of shewing his drawings to sir Joshua Reynolds, that profound judge of the art inpaired how long he had been returned from Italy, and expressed surprise at hearing that he had never been out of Switzerland till the present journey.

In the mean time he was favourably received by many learned and ingenious men in London, and he published an essay on the genius and writings of Rousseau. But the praises, which the greatest painter of England, and of the age, had bestowed on his designs, had made a deep impression on him, and determined the course of his future labours. In this resolution he was soon confirmed by the same fascinating voice, and the die was thus cast, which devoted his days to the practice of painting. That no opportunity of improvement might be wanting to call forth the highest qualities of his genius, he resolved to visit Italy, and there to pursue such a course of study as might fully ripen the great talents he had received from nature. He had the good fortune to find in Dr Armstrong a companion of his journey.

After allotting an appropriate time to the examination of the various works of art, which were to be found in several of the lesser cities on his route, he fixed his abode at Rome, then the magnificent depository of the stores of sculpture and painting. Neither here did he pursue the vulgar track of students, who confine themselves to the servile copying of the works of the works of the ancient masters. His ardent imagination, indeed, was little suited to such a task; he felt his mind exalted by the reflection of their copious and enlightened labours, and retiring from intense contemplation of them to his study. while he endeavoured to lift his own ideas to the standard of their excellence, and to assimilate his mind to theirs, he poured out on canvas, the glowing conceptions of his fancy, regardless of any *manner* but that which nature dictated to him. For his subjects he most frequently chose passages of our admired Shakspeare and Milton, and sometimes sought them in the stores of his own vivid imagination.

[*To be Continued.*]

MISCELLANY.

FRIENDSHIP.

[From the Boston Magazine.]

THE sayings of old or dying men have ever had a peculiar respect and veneration paid to them; very possibly because death is the cup of which all must drink, and in which every person is deeply interested: and hence it gains upon his attention, and employs all his mind in the consideration of this important event, which he himself is to bear a part in. I was led into this reflection by reading the letters of Pope and Swift, written at that period of life when the expiring taper glimmers in the socket. Surrounded by the harbingers of death and the symptoms of decaying nature, the mind traces the sensations of age, the complainings of years and infirmities, with trembling melancholy. Not a mind of sensibility but must be deeply affected with these notices of our departure. The shortness and the miseries of life have been long dwelt on by the moralist and the divine. So much has been exhausted upon these heads, that I shall wave all observations upon them in this place: But it may be a useful lesson to consider how we may most improve, both for our own honour and happiness, and the better to capacitate us to fulfil the design of our existence. As the duration of life is at best, not only short, but uncertain and precarious, it becomes an indispensable duty for us early to search into our hearts; to inquire and to know the state and condition of our nature; to fill with cheerfulness the lot assigned us; to smooth over the rough and uneasy paths of life with a contented mind; and, in short, to do unto all men as we would wish others to do by us in similar circumstances. This is the great duty of morality, it is this which can support us in our journey through life under the sanction of a good conscience, and comfort and rejoice us when the imperceptible hand of time shall furrow the cheek with age, and debilitate the whole human frame. Happy the man, who, surrounded with all the glaring temptations of the world, stedfastly pursues this safe line of conduct, and walks this contradictory maze in the uniform practice of religion and virtue! He can behold the horrors of old age without emotion; he sees his friends drop off daily, and feels his own gradual decay.

Yet, while the vital spark continues to animate the debilitated body, we find, from the lives of the greatest geniuses, that the remaining cinders of life are kept together and enlivened by the gentle breath of friendship. We may judge of the feelings of old age by what we read in the letters above mentioned. Sir William Temple said that the loss of friends was a tax upon

long life, and adds the poet in another place, 'I was the other day recollecting twenty-seven great ministers, or men of wit and learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance; neither have I the grace to be sorry, that the present times are drawn to the dregs as well as my own life—May my friends be happy in this and a better life,' &c.

How pathetically does Swift lament the loss of his friends. 'I have nobody now (says he) left but you. Pray, be so kind as to outlive me; and then die as soon as you please, but without pain; and let us meet in a better place.'

One cannot but feel a kind of pleasing melancholy at this holy friendship. Pope, seated in ease and plenty but alone, begs of his friend to come, and represents his house and situation in the most inviting terms—that they might live and die together.....See Pope, vol. 6, p 278.

W. H. B.

SHAKSPEARE.

The works of Shakspeare have, for many years past, been so much the subject of research and study of men of the first abilities; his poetical character has, in every part of it, been by them so deeply explored, and so fully illustrated, and his beauties and allusions with so much taste and judgment pointed out, that it would be very difficult to make any just observation respecting him, that is not to be found among their collections and remarks. So large and valuable a body of criticism is this commentary now become, that perhaps there is no work, or series of works, that could far contribute to form and establish a taste for ancient English literature, as the notes that are at present subjoined to his plays.

No general description of Shakspeare's dramatick powers has yet appeared more striking or illustrative, than that by Dr Johnson, in his celebrated preface: 'His characters are so truly in nature, and his scenes such perfect pictures of real life, that from them an hermit might estimate the manners of the world, or a confessor predict the progress of the passions.'

His other remark, that "Perhaps not one of the plays of SHAKSPEARE, could it now be produced as a new work, and of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the conclusion," may be answered by Longinus:—*ἀι ὑπερμεγεθεις φυσεις ηκιστα καθαραι εν δε τοις μεγεθεσιν. ὡσπερ εν τοις αγαν πυκνοις, εινai τι χρη και παρολιγωρουμενον. De Sublim. Sect.* 33

CHARACTERS.

A modest man is a much finer man than he knows of; one that shews better to all men than himself; for no quality sets a man off like this, and commends him more against his will; and he can put up any injury sooner than this (as he calls it) your irony. You shall hear him confute his commenders, and giving reasons how much they are mistaken, and is angry almost if they don't believe him. Nothing threatens him so much as great expectation, which he thinks more prejudicial than your under-opinion, because 'tis easier to make that false, than this true. He is one that sneaks from a good action, as one that had pilfered, and dare not justify it, and is more blushingly reprehended in this than others in sin; that counts all public declarings of himself but so many penances before the people, and the more you applaud him the more you abash him, and he recovers not his face a month after. One that is easy to like any thing of anothers man's, and thinks all he knows of him better than he knows. He excuses that to you which another would impute, and if you pardon him, is satisfied. One that stands in no opinion because it is his own, but suspects it rather because it is so, and is confuted and thanks you. He sees nothing more willingly than his errors, and it is his error sometimes to be too soon persuaded. He is content to be auditor where he only can speak, and content to go away and think himself instructed. No man is so weak that he is ashamed to learn of, and is less ashamed to confess it; and he finds, many times, even in the dust, what others overlook and lose. Every man's presence is a kind of bridle to him, to stop the roving of his tongue and passions; and even impudent men look for this reverence from him, and distaste that in him, which they suffer in themselves, as one in whom vice is ill-favoured, and shews more scurvily than another. An indelicate jest will shame him more than a natural child will another man, and he that got it shall censure him among the rest. And he is a coward to nothing more than an ill tongue, and whosoever dare lie on him hath power over him; and if you take him by his look he is guilty. This main ambition of his life is not to be discredited, and for other things his desires are more limited than his fortunes, which he thinks preferment, though never so mean, and that he is to do something to deserve this, he is too tender to venture on great places, and would not hunt a dignity to help himself: if he did, it was the violence of his friends constrained him:—how hardly soever he obtained it, he was harder persuaded to seek it

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LOVE.

Sharkspeare, in his comedy of *As you like it*, puts into the mouth of his

shepherd Sylvius the follow delightful description of Love, of the sweetness and delicacy of which I should hold it little less than profanity to attempt to express my admiration.

" It is to be made all of sighs and tears
It is to made all of faith and service,
It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance."

True love is indeed a passion tender and sublime, let cold-blooded cynicks say what they please to the contrary. It is something very opposite to that which assumes the name in fashionable society, where you frequently hear those disgraceful, unnatural, venal connections—formed not from any congeniality of mind, not from any ardent, sincere, virtuous affection, but originating in ambition, pride or vanity, sometimes even in a derilection of all modesty and all moral principles—honoured with the apellation of Love; but this is not the way Shakespeare instructs us to Love. *True love* can only be excited and exist in a virtuous mind. It is always timid, modest and respectful. It has its hopes and its fears; but it conceals them. " It looks not with the eyes, but with the mind." It is even favourable to the ideas, consoling and sublime, such as the existence of a supreme being, the spirituality of the soul—its immortality. A lover with his affections fixed, his heart pure, his feelings ardent, will believe her to be possessed of every charm, and every grace, which can ennoble in his "*mind's eye*" the object of his love. In the heroick ages he would have regarded his mistress as the daughter of Jupiter—as uniting the perfections of Venus and Minerva. At this period he will wish to see her the most perfect work of her Creator—the image the most resembling' if I dared thus to express myself, the Almighty Being, who unites all perfections. His love will be grounded on the graces of her mind, and in his firm belief that it is destined for immortality. If he could persuade himself for amoment, that she, who is now the delight of his eyes and the sweetener of his life, was but a fortuitous concourse of atoms, or produced from necessity with as much indifference as the organization of a fly—that she must die and be forgotten—that she must lie in cold oblivion and moul ler away—from that moment I say, he could feel nothing like love, and the ardour of his affections would be extinguished in the frightful idea of annihilation. An English author had some reason for the declaration, that, in a country of atheists, love would prove the existence of a God.

[M. ANTHOLOGY.

IMPERIAL PUFFING.

John R. D. Huggins, a hair-dresser and barber in N York, proverbial for his conical and humourous advertizements, frequently turns the greatest events in the political and military world to his account, and makes them subjects for the display of wit and raillery. We understand he has published one Trafalgar Bulletin, and in a second haf styled the gentlemen's cues (just re-stated) " " Collingwood Cables." As we have seen neither of these Bulletins, we can only insert his third and latest, which besides severely satirizing the " enlightened" Corsican, is a shrewd and merited burlesque on the style of modern European bullies and braggadocios. Troy Gaz.]

Knight of the Comb, whom ev'ry age,
And ev'ry sex admire;
For Wigs and Frizzetts all the rage—
Deborus, John, or Square.——POPE.

BULLETIN THE THIRD.

The Emperour of the Frizzeurs, to the Citizens of the Metropolis.

Head-Quarters, No. 92, Broadway.

CITIZENS!—Victory has every where rested on our razors. The enemy have been defeated in all directions. I hasten to communicate the detail. On the 25th Thermidor, a courier arrived, bringing intelligence, that the enemy were in force in the vicinity of the Rue de Broadway, and endeavouring by forced marches to turn our left. I immediately sent a strong detachment, composed of the fifth regiment of *Puffs*, who are the *Flower* of my forces, the 4th Brigade of the division of *Pomade;* and a *corps de reserve* of the Pioneering *Curlers;* under the command of Generals Dowsonet, Hearte, and Paris, with orders to *beat the enemy*. The rencounter took place at the fort of the *Rue de Greenwich*—it was severe indeed—the enemy gave way in all directions, and before the combing up of the main body, they were completely routed—not a man of them escaped. 531,000 000 were found dead in the field. We took 675,000,000 stand of arms and all their Artillery, &c. The prowess of one troop was irresistible. Not a *Powder-bag* or *Wash-ball* was discharged. Every thing was decided at the edge of the *Razor;* and the courier who carries the glorious intelligence, will say, that endeavouring to approach as near as was *prudent* to the scene of action, he heard shouting and swearing but saw not a sign of smoke.

I cannot but notice the good conduct of Generals *Dowsonet*, *Hearte* and *Paris*, on this memorable occasion. In every *engagement* they have acquitted themselves well; and I feel a confidence that their talents will do honour to their EMPEROUR and themselves.

The EMPEROUR will feel himself flattered by the congratulations of the Citizens, on this splendid victory over his inveterate rivals, at his Head Quarters, No. 92 Broadway—where he executes all kinds of ornamental Hair-work, &c. in a stile of *Imperial* perfection. J. R. D. HUGGINS.

Emperour de la mode, et Roi de Barbiers.

A qualification for a kindsman.—Sir Nicholas Bacon, being once in his capacity of judge, was on the point of passing sentence upon a fellow just found guilty of robbery, the culprit greatly importuned him to save his life; and among other thing alledged he had the honour of being one of his lordship's relations. " How do you prove that?" said Sir Nicholas. " My lord," replied the man, " your name is *Bacon*, and my name is *Hog;* and hog and bacon have in all ages been reckoned akin " " That is true," answered the judge, " but hog is never bacon till it has been *hanged*, and *therefore*, until *you are hanged*, you can be no relation of mine."

For the Repository.

THE MELANGE.

Of what value, says Zimmerman, are all the blessings & vain boastings of society to that domestic felicity, which we experience in the company & conversation of an amiable woman, whose charms awaken all the dormant faculties of the soul, and inspire the mind with finer energies than all our own exertions could attain; who in

the execution of our enterprises prompts us by her assistance, & encourages us by her approbation, to surmount every difficulty; who impresses us with the greatness of her ideas, and the sublimity of her sentiments; who weighs & examines with judicious penetration our thoughts, our actions, our whole character; who observes all our foibles, warns us with sincerity of their consequence, & reforms us with gentleness & affection: who, by a tender communication of all her thoughts and observations, conveys new instruction to our minds, and, by pouring all the warm and generous feelings of her heart into our bosoms, animates us incesantly to the exercises of every virtue, and completes the polished perfection of our character, by the Soft allurements of love, and the delightful concord of her sentiments.

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On reading a very dull NOVEL.

BLEST opiate! sure the writer's quill
Was dept in Lethe's drowsy stream;
For when mine eye has took the pill,
One single page---how sweet I dream!

Still on my shelf, dear friend, repose;
For when my strong narcotics fail,
I'll take a doze of thee, and doze;
When opium can't, thou must prevail.

One page: I dare not trust my brain
With more: for should I ramble further,
And never one mine eyes again,
The Jury might pronounce self-murder.

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A person under the influence and temper of the Gospel will say, with gratitude and joy, "I have learned in whatever state I am, therewith to be content." In the most trying circumstances, I have a sure and certain promise that my bread shall be given, and my water shall be sure; and if I am not favoured with all the elegancies of life, yet I am confident, that the God whom I serve, will afford me such temporory supplies as shall be most conclusive to my own happiness, and his glory.

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With the talents of an angel a man may be a fool, if he judges amission the supreme point; judging ought in all else but aggravates his folly, as it shews him wrong, tho' blest with the bent capacity of being right.

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Old maids are universally despised, unless by those whose connections with the antiquates losses force them to acquiesce in their extravagant whims, & the reason is obvious, and very justifiable; for they are, in reality, the persons who indirectly create their concomitant communities, Bachelors and ———. How very marvellous that caprice and vanity should have such immense and destructive consequences!

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Many young people, says Chesterfield, think it very genteel & witty to abuse the Clergy; but they are extremely mistaken; since, in my opinion, parsons are very like men, and neither the better nor the worse for wearing a black gown. All general refflections upon nations and societies are the write therefore jokes of those who set up for liet without having any, and so have recourse to common place.

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Wit is commonly looked upon with a suspicious eye, as a two-edged sword, from which not even the sacredness of friendship, can secure. It is more especially dreaded in woman.

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Religion better qualifies all sorts of men, and makes them in public affairs the more serviceable; governous often to rule with conscience; and inferious, for conscience sake, more willing to obey.

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Conceitedness and ignorance are a most happy composition; for none are so invincible as the half-witted, who know just enough to excite their ridiculie but not so much as to cure their ignorance.

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By reading we enjoy the dead, by conversation the living, and, by contemplation, ourselves. Reading enriches the memory, conversation polishes the wit and contemplation improves the judgment.

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—Advice given to a man of sense is a sword which he will use for defence: but when given to a man of obstinacy it will be used as an instrumant of suicide. *Bos. Mag.*

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Indolence assumes the air of wisdom, and, which tosses the cap and ball with infantile folly, desires the world to look on, and calls the stupid pastimes, philosophy and learning.

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Humans curiosity, tho' at first slowly excited, being at last possessed of leisure for indulging its propensity, becomes one of the greatest amusements of life and gives higher satisfaction than what even the senses can afford. A man of this disposition turns all nature into a magnificent theatre, replete with objects of wonder & surprise, and built up chiefly for his happiness and entertainment; he industriously examines all things, from the minutest insect to the most finished animal; and when his limited organs can no longer make the disquisition, he sends out his imagination upon new inquiries.——*Goldsmith.*

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Of all the miseries that ever affected kingdoms, an uncontrouled power among the great is certainly most afflictive. The tyranny of a single monarch only falls upon the narrow circle around him; the arbitary will of a number of delegates falls most heavily upon the lower ranks of people, who have no redress.

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Assuming ignorance is, of all dispositions, the most ridiculous: for, in the same proportion as the real man of wisdom is preferable to the unlettered rustic, so much is the rustic superior to him, who without learning, imagines himself learned. It were better that such a man had never read: for then he might have been conscious of his weakness: but the half-learned man, relying upon his strengh, seldom perceives his wants, till he finds his deception past a cure.

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In republican governments men are all equal; equal they are also in despotic governments; in the former because they are every thing, in the latter because the are nothing.

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Civil or general history has always been extolled as the great teacher of wisdom. But its lessons are chiefly political, and kings and statesmen are principally concerned in them. Biography is the species of history best adapted to teach wisdom in private life. There are many lives of English worthies, which cannot he atten-

tive ly read by an ingenious young man, without exciting an ardour of virtue

E. Knox.

For the Repository.

THE DRAMA.

March 8.

Mrs. Morris's benefit night.

We were extremely sorry, and indeed surprised, to observe so thin an audience at the benefit of this amiable female veteran of the stage—It was rather injudicious in Mrs. Morris, to select the comedy of the Clandestine Marriage; as she might have been convinced that although an excellent written and well composed play should ever have some attractions for the discerning, it is seldom the generality of the frequenters of the theatre, would attend at the performance of one, which is quite familiar to them through its frequent repetition.

The various characters were too peculiarly well distributed, for us to find fault with either: each one was successful in his endeavours to give satisfaction, and it would be injustice in us to particularize.

The agreeable entertainment of the Hunter of the Alps, concluded the performance of the evening. Q.

Monday Evening, March 10.

LEWIS OF MONTE BLANCHO.

It recently appears to have become a practice with dramatic writers, to a assiduous to suppress, what little literary invention nature, might have endowed them with. We are very often favoured with productions of the present caterers for the stage, which cannot on a little scrutiny be entitled to the approbation or applause of the most illiberal and undiscerning. We act in a manner consistent with candor and ordinary judgment (for more than which we make no pretension) when we explicitly assent, that the comedy which was performed at our theatre for the first time, this evening, may lay claim to a high rank among those insipid pieces that have been indigently thrown aside as the offspring of disingenuous heads preposterous plagiarism teeming through each scene, and long known characters so frequently repeated that they have become too tediously irksome to the attention of the mind, to receive its concurrence. We understand the author, Mr. Dunlap to be an American, and that he has devoted much of his time to the fascinating study of the Drama, particularly in the way of translation—We have indeed purused many of his translated pieces with particular pleasure and delight, and have not been backward in expressing our sentiments—But we are sorry to say, that the being auditors of the representation of Lewis of Mont Blancho on our boards, has completely proved that Mr. Dunlap is considerably inexpert and unhappy in his attempt to produce a perfect *original*. His own mind perhaps persuaded him that one of the latter species would command less attraction than one of the former, in which he might be allowed to place scenes and characters that his studious habits had enabled him to obtain, without being apprehensive of an ill termination to his labour. He, therefore, it appears, preferred the glittering hope of gain which an eager anticipation of success holds, out, to the less profitable, but more honorable method of doing business honestly.

Independent of the inconsistency of the character of Thaddy O'Reily, and perhaps others, there is not a little of the incident but what we have been long and intimately acquainted with; the Castle Spectre furnishes many parts, the wife of Two Husbands isbrought forward, and even the excellent Alonzo, king of Castile has not escaped the plundering hands of Mr. Dunlap.

Nor is it a well constructed piece of workmanship; the palpable imperfections of many of the chains to the characters, as it were, raises our ridicule, and exposes the poor author to our contempt and compassion. The injudicious combination of the characters is truely pitiable, and mortifies all love of precision and accuracy. S.

The Novelist.

HOME.

"This must not continue," said she to herself; "I must either resolve to marry Lord Woodford, or instantly leave him.'

To the first, her reluctance was too great to be overcome; and she determined on the latter, as the best means of saving him, her mother, and herself, from further uneasiness.

When she took this resolution, her first intention was to inform her mother of it, and request her promission to go to Sir Robert Horndon's; but on reflection she feared that the communicating her design to her, or Mrs. Almorne, might involve them in trouble with her brother; and she, therefore, determined to avow her wishes to her father, and leave the regulation of her conduct to him.

This design was no sooner formed than executed. She easily found an opportunity of speaking to him in private; when she informed him of her sentiments respecting Lord Woodford; represented, in gentle terms, her brother's solicitude for him, and intreated his permission to remove to Sir Robert Horndon's as the happiest means of terminating the anxieties of both.

Sir John, who loved his daughter with extreme tenderness, and entertained a high opinion of her character, received her proposal as a new proof of the excellence of her disposition, and the superiority of her mind, which made her equally incapable of trifling with the feelings of Lord Woodford, or of being captivated with external advantages; but at the

same moment that he was gratified, he was grieved; for he had secretly, and earnestly, wished her to marry him, from the high opinion he had of his merit, and the various advantages he possessed.

He concealed, however, his regreat from his daughter; expressed high approbation of her wish to separate from Lord Woodford, since she could not accept of him; and told her that he would himself take her the next day to her sister.

When the weather permitted, Sir John was in the daily practice of taking a ride on horseback, or in a carriage, and in his excursions was frequently accompained by Miss Ornville; it was, therefore, easy for him to attend her without appearing to have any particular design in view; and, accordingly, he took her abroad with him the next morning, without her mother, or brother, having any suspicion of their intention.

On their arrival at Elbourne, the seat of Sir Robert Horndon, they found him and Lady Horndon at home, and were earnestly requested to pass day with them; Sir John excused himself, but said they might keep Constantia as long as she pleased,

On his return home, he told Lady Ornville before Lord Woodford, that he had been at Elborne; adding, in an easy way, that he had been much solicited to dine there, which he had declined, but had left Constantia with her sister.

Soon after her informed his son privately, that it was he intention to remain at Elbourne, while Lord Woodford was at Ornville, and that he must, therefore, immediately put an end to his expectations.

Ornville, knowing that it was in vain to remonstrate with his father, made no reply, and two days after quitted the Abbey with Lord Woodford.

CHAPTER VI.

THE first day Constantia passed at Elbourne afforded her much satisfaction. Her separation from Lord Woodford relieved her from a state of very painful anxiety; and she flattered herself she should have the comfort of passing some time with her sister, in as much tranquillity as her concern for the disappointment she had occasioned her mother and Lord Woodford would permit. But in admitting this hope, she forgot, for the moment, the character of her brother-in-law, and soon found that in quittting Ornville Abbey for his house, she had only made an exchange of evils.

Sir Robert Horndon had been bred to the church, and was in possession of a small living; when at the age of twenty-nine, he succeeded, by the unexpected death of a cousin, to his title and estate; upon which he gave up his living, and soon after married Miss Ornville.

His choice of her was owing to what he called, and believed to be, love, but it was the passion of a man who loved only for his own sake. He found an object of affection necessary to his happiness, and as soon as he was in a situation to marry, he fixed on Miss Ornville, because she happened to be the first agreeable woman that came in his way. He soon became so strongly attached to her, that had he lost her he would have been for a while distracted; but as soon as the first paroxysm of his grief had subsided, he would again have been ready to marry the first tolerable agreeable woman he could obtain; for he could neither live alone contentedly, nor be happy without some being with whom he could indulge the gratification of fondness.

Education, situation, and disposition concurred in early life, to make him a recluse; indolence, with much love of reading and drawing, strengthened his disposition to retirement, after it was in his power to have emerged from it; and his domestic habits thus confirmed, were mistaken for virtues.

Sir Robert Horndon had no virtues; he lived only for himself, but his understanding was good; he knew what was right, and talked of liberal sentiments, and the rights of humanity. Thus he deceived others, and no person more then himself; for, as he was generally speculately right, and in his manner of living never wrong, he fancied he was what he ought to be. He was not indeed unconscious that he had a bad temper, but this he considered as a venial failing, and on the pretext of it, he justified all the unhappiness he made his wife suffer. Of her sufferings the world knew nothing; for he was too anxious to preserve its esteem, to use her ill in the preserve of others.

As in his youth he had neither fortune nor connexions to promote his interest, he soon perceived that his only road to preferment in the church, was by the art of pleasing; and, as he had no objection to an artful behavior, he endeavoured to render himself agreeable to every person he met with, from a great man to the lowest domestic in his family; wisely concluding there was no knowing by what link in the chain he might soonest arrive at the object of his wishes.

This conduct, long practised, became at length natural to him, and was continued after he was Sir Robert, both from habit, and the belief it was what sound policy required; for though he was now independent of it himself, he might still reap the good effects of it in the persons of his children.

(To be Continued.)

In the Limerick paper, an Irish gentleman, whose lady was absconded from him, cautions the public against trusting her, in these words:—"My *wife* has run away from me without *rhyme or reason*, and I desire no one will trust her on my account, for I am *not married to her.*"

SELECTED POETRY.

THE WANDERING SAVOYARD'S SONG.

By Mr Diamond, jun.

Within a silent, sheltered spot
Is rear'd my lov'd paternal cot:
Behind, the Alps their shadows throw,
Here, crown'd with pine, & there with snow:
In front, delightful vineyards blush,
With thymy dales (where browse the flock)
Just bounded by some granite rock,
Whence water-falls in murmurs gush.
Ah! how I sorrow'd when 'Farewel!'
I bade unto my *native dell!*

The wild-bee there gallanting roves,
And sucks the sweet-lip'd flower he loves;
The pigeon weaves her downy nest,
And murmurs o'er her young at rest;
With little birds of blythest lay,
With shining wings and trilling airs,
O'ersweep the woods, in love-link'd pairs,
And warble all the live-long day.
Ah! faint of phrase is tongue to tell
The pleasures of my *native dell!*

And there, when moon-beams frost the green,
With mountain-pipe and mandolin,
The youths and maids on light feet hie
To hold their rustick revelry:
And as the cates and cups pass round,
With mazy dance and merry song
They charm the early night along,
And waken all the sweets of sound.
Ah, how with joy my heart would swell,
Could I regain my native dell!

SONG.

[From the Boston Magazine.]

I've sworn to live easy
For that which can please me,
Require not researches sublime,
Nor physicks, nor phthisicks,
Nor dull metaphysicks
Employ the gay hours of my time.
For friends and a bottle,
I quit Aristotle,
And all the old laws of old Greece;
Forsaking wit making,
I've a head without aching,
And a heart overflowing with peace.

Let truth be ascendant,
My mind independent,
For follies abroad I'll ne'er roam,
While Nancy, with fancy,
Does ever entrance me,
With joy and contentment at home.

From the Thespian Mirrour.

[The following eminently beautiful stanzas, which appeared, without a signature, shortly after the event to which they refer, we now present to our readers with alterations by the author. They are throughout descriptive and sublime—the closing figure is bold and original, and the republication of the ode will we think contribute to render perpetual the memory of an event, which has deprived America of a HERO, & the world of a MAN.]

ODE

Written after witnessing the funeral obsequies of General HAMILTON.

Hark! how the passing bell
Heaves to the gale its sullen swell!
And lo in sorrow's pomp array'd,
To the dull beat of death,
The slowly-moving cavalcade!
The half suspended breath
Scarce frees the struggling sigh,
And hallow'd tears bedew mute beauty's eye.
Now o'er the mansions of the dead,
With slowly solemn, measur'd tread,
Around their slumb'ring Hero drawn,
The silent soldiers print the lawn.
Nor long the blaze
Arrests the gaze!
The hollow vaults resound!
The blazing sky:
The thundering ground,
The piercing eye,
More eloquent than pity's flow,
Proclaim the soldier's *manly* woe.
High o'er the scene the curling cloud aspires,
Fraught with a nation's fervid sighs,
The mighty incense seeks the skies,
And tells astonish'd worlds a HAMILTON expires.

LODINUS.

THE WISH.

I ask not fortune's partial smile,
Exhaustless source of care;
Not all her fancied gay delights,
Can claim a serious pray'r.

Nor pleasure's soft alluring form,
With ardent wish I seek;
Far less the captivating bloom
That glows on beauty's cheek.

I ask not, that, in calm repose
My even days should flow,
Unruffled by adversity,
Exempt from human woe.

Enough that no reflections keen,
No crimes my soul oppress,
To rob me of the flattering hope
Of future happiness.

But grant me that blest frame of mind
Where no vain thoughts intrude;
That blest serenity which springs
From conscious rectitude.

EPIGRAM.

On Lady, who squinted.

If ancient poets Argus prize,
Who boasted of an hundred eyes,
Sure greater praise to her is due
Who looks a hundred ways with two.

Women were born, so fate declares,
To smooth our linen and our cares,
And 'tis but just, for, by my troth,
They're very apt to *ruffle* both.

WANTED

A good COMPOSITOR.—Apply at this office.

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